The Prince of ORANGE

VVelcome to LONDON.

To the Tune of, *The two Englisſh Travellers.*

The Prince Van Orange he is come to this Land,
Who does in defiance of Popery ſtand:
He does not deſire Supream for to Reign,
But our Laws and Liberties here to maintain.

Which ſome evil Perſons did ſtrive to Invade,
And we into Bondage might have been betray'd;
We ſee all their dealings, which troubl'd us ſore,
The Fryars and Jeſuits dayly came o're.

In City and Town they did Maſs-houſes build,
Which was with poor ignorant Proſelites fill'd;
The Proverb of old is made true in this caſe,
We ſee that an ill Weed will flouriſh apace.

They ſtill are inventing and forging of Lyes,
Againſt our Bible and Clergy likewiſe;
In hopes they might ſuddenly be overthrown,
And then they concluded the Game was their own.

The Biſhops away to the Tower was ſent,
As ſtout and as chearful as Martyrs they went;
Not fearing what ever might fall to their doom,
They ſcorn to ſubmit to the Clergy of Rome.

Now while the true Church thus did tottering ſtand,
It was a great grief to moſt Men in this Land:
But while we with ſorrowful ſighings did greeve,
Each Fryar and Jeſuits caught in their Sleeve.

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And Old Father Peters was one of the Train,
Who did for a while in his Roguery Reign;
But Fortune was pleased to send him a Frown,
And from his high Honour to tumble him down.]

Now seeing himself in this sorrowful case,
He thought it no boot to remain in this place;
And therefore his Breetches with Gunnies he lin'd,
In order for running some shelter to find.

Now while he was taking this dangerous flight,
He pray'd to Saint Francis and Bridget all night;
But yet notwithstanding his Religious Prayer,
He was taken napping as Mols catcht his Hare.

There is many more as we well understand,
Wishes that they were safe out of the Land;
They'd rather leave Brittain, and flye to the Pope,
Than here to take part of the Hatchet and Rope.

And now to return to the Prince Van Orange, (change
Whose cost, care and Conduct, has wrought this great
This Nation from Thraldom I hope he'l set free,
And then there will none be more happy than we.

And now let us drink a good Health to the Mitre,
And may that Church flourish, tho' enemies spight her
Next Health to that Seven that stood by our Cause,
As stout as our Martyrs, as just as our Laws.

God bless all the Nobles, Religious and Just,
Who always was faithful and true to their Trust;
I hope they will settle this Nation again,
That we may ne'r have any cause to complain.

And when a Free Parliament shall Regulate
And Compose our Fractions in matters of State,
The Joys of this Nation again to restore,
Then both King and People may flourish once more.

FINIS.

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